

Negro Squad Season 1

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Summary: Enter the lives of the three Spartans that are both entertaining and far from deadly. Negro Squad will fight to defend Reach from the covenant onslaught at all costs.

Negro Squad Season 1

Negro Squad

They were known only as Negro Squad. The UNSC had hundreds of squads stationed on Reach, but none were as unique as this rag-tag trio.

There was Jerry- Spartan s-272, an experienced and skillful ex-commander that won many decisive victories against the covenant. The only reason he is stuck in this group of under-under-achievers- he lost his entire team, and mind, once while protecting miners on one of harvest's moons, a lucky (or in his case, unlucky) sticky grenade once caught the main support beam, collapsing the entire mine. Exactly 248 men and approximately 40 of the covenants troops died that day. Jerry was the only survivor. After an entire seventeen months living off of the poisonous mushrooms growing in the walls. He now constantly rants about "poop kittens" or "lag switchers".

Then there was Codfish, Spartan s-363, the marksman of the group, always sporting scout armor. Although above average in his military career (simply because of luck, as he was unnaturally lucky at times), he has been court marshaled multiple times for talking back, playing music through his helmet, decorating his weapon and armor without clearance, and having a relationship with another Spartan. The only real way to describe him is "overly edgy", often speculated as a result of his younger brother's death after deploying too late after the rest of his ODS team. According the UNSC, placing him in Negro squad was more than enough of a punishment.

Last was Hassan Frodr, Spartan s-245. Frodr was just an

underperforming recruit unlucky enough to be an extra troop that was forced into Negro because there was no room anywhere else. He wasn't necessarily "bad" at anything, just... new to it every time. After failing every practice and simulation since recruitment, it's almost no wonder he was placed in Negro.

Although, Negro was often noted in its extreme survivability in numerous situations (often because Jerry's experience and Codfish not having to eat but a few times a week)

Part 1

As Negro squad was cast aside as Reach was colonized, they were eventually assigned a mission. While other Spartans were deployed alongside ODS groups to neutralize deadly groups of rebels, Negro was sent to watch after the old potato farmers. This was hardly a task at all, considering these farmers were all senile old farts without working bladders, not gun toting rebels. All in all, it was a glorified babysitting job. In fact, Negro was so untrusted they weren't even given weapons. They were to fight over a single, empty magnum to keep them occupied. On August 30th, 2552 it was a day just like any other, suit up, go door to door checking which of the old coots died in the night. On the third or fourth house, in the distance, Jerry saw a purple object.

Commenting "Dem buscus cats are bak tuh get me!" the other two though nothing of it. Until of course it became painfully obvious this was a covenant cruiser. It's ventral cleansing beam sweeping the area looking for anything remotely similar to a threat. Jerry, being the only one with previous covenant experience identified it by saying "Get betzie!" Frodr, quickly assessing the situation, offered him input by saying "It's probably nothing, just a test for a new class of ship". "Are you serious?" Codfish replied, "That's alien. Which makes it our responsibility as Spartans." "Our orders were to attend to the potato farmers though..." Frodr replied hesitantly. "Eh, come on, it's safe to assume these guys will die within the next week." and went off in the direction the cruiser was moving in.

Catching up to Codfish, Frod and Jerry continued to the UNSC depot nearest them. Usually upon entry, they would be greeted by hellfire troops waiting to ridicule their assignments, but today, it was empty, nobody taking inventory of the countless mongoose, or warthogs. Frod walked over to the wall of locked weapons protected by bullet proof glass, now shattered with a good ninety percent of the weapons missing.

Taking after Jerry's example, Codfish began to arm himself by picking out the designated marksman rifle nearest to him. Frod took a few steps closer uneasily eyeing the small assortment of weapons. "Are you sure it's ok to do this? The quarterm-" his nagging was cut short by Jerry throwing a magnum to him. Frod caught it right before it would have hit his helmet, and then stared at it. "Well, go on." Codfish eyed the gun in his hands.

"You really don't know what to do next?" Frod looked and was about to put the gun back on the rack when Codfish took the gun from his hand and threw it to Jerry. He quickly put a magazine in and threw it back. Codfish flipped it over and began to hand it to frod. "Now, cock it". He took the gun from his hands and fumbled around, pressing everything he could find until he accidentally released the magazine.

It fell to the floor, and as Codfish was about to ridicule him, Jerry stepped up, grabbed Codfish's shoulder, and pushed him against the wall. "If he doesn't know how, we show him. Now stop dicking around and gear up."

He turned around and out of complete shock, Frod and Codfish stared, mouths open at the Spartan. Never before had he said anything so clear, or so precise. He turned back around and said, back in his regular near insane tone, "ya'll's ready yet?". Codfish began to question the sudden formality of his behavior, "The hell was that jerry?" but was only answered with "The piss you talkin' bout boy?". Deciding it was best just to continue; Codfish retrieved the mag, placed it into the gun, cocked it, and holstered it.

Unfamiliarized with the assortment of weapons at his disposal, Frod looked them over a few times before picking up an assault rifle. He only looked at Codfish hoping he knew what he was asking. "Fine.." Codfish walked over and began to help him load the weapon. Frod tried numerous times to contact everyone any anyone, and multiple times ended up calling Codfish. With no reply, the group remained at the station, Jerry carving something into the shotgun in his lap, Codfish using the canisters of spray paint (which were supposed to be oxygen tanks for his armor) to decorate his rifle, and Frod continued to try and contact the superiors.

A couple hours later, a waypoint appeared on each of their visor pointing towards Oni Sword base. The group made their way to the garage to find a hog to take, and before Frod or Codfish laid eyes on it, Jerry was in the passenger seat with a sniper in hand. "How did you even..." Codfish began but stopped. "Whatever".

Frod and Codfish looked at each other. "Who should drive?" Jerry looked back "my vote goes to the one who won't kill us... I vote you!" as he pointed the barrel of the sniper at Codfish's chest. Codfish jumped into the driver's seat "let's not aim right at each other, alright buddy?" Frod jumped into the M41 LAAG rail gun, feeling the sleek frame of the weapon. The warthog hit its top speed cruising down a dirt path in a heavily wooded area, bushes and pines' painting the front rims a dirty green.

Ahead on the left section of the road, Frod picked up a slight blip on his built in helmet radar. Commanding Codfish to stop the hog, Jerry and Frod went to investigate. There was a small path made of shrubs and bushes that had been tramped and littered with the boot prints of UNSC marines. As they came closer to the supposed troop, Jerry became more and more cautious. The radar showed the troop 5 feet ahead of where Frod was standing, but nothing was there but a small bush, too small for any marine to be hiding in. He crept closer, and lifted a branch of foliage out of his way. Laying there was a severed head.

The grotesque and horrific image was cut short by a loud sound similar to glass breaking a hundred times over. Then, little more than a millisecond later, a long, sharp, needle like projection flew at bullet speeds towards his helmet.

Part 2

The moment the needle made contact with Frod's helmet, a small explosion was made of the kinetic forces during collision. He fell

back onto the ground, shields injured; he quickly and clumsily hid behind the nearest bush while Jerry tried to identify the hidden sniper. A few yards away Frod saw a rustling in a pile of leaves. Looking quizzically at it, he saw a fresh boot print, but there was no one there. He rose slowly as the figure became visible almost instantly.

It was about seven and a half feet tall, with two sets of pronounced mandibles connected to its lower jaw that opened and let out a horrible cry. At this time it began to strafe towards Frod, before letting into a full on jog. Frod stood there not knowing what to do as Jerry put four magnum rounds into it. It seemed to be covered in a shielded armor not unlike what the Spartans were wearing. It pulled a cylindrical item from its back plate. It activated a long glowing sword that was obviously intended to end their lives.

Right before it entered the radius it needed to attack Frod, the familiar noise of DMR fire was heard from the ridge above. The monster fell to the ground releasing the sword as it contained itself in the cylinder. Looking up, Codfish was providing over watch with his DMR. Using his helmet, he radioed in to Frod. "Heard you whimpering over the radio and I thought I'd just drop by and see what's new". Stepping forward, he was hit by a needle, sending him falling down the small ridge. They all leapt behind cover before another shot could be taken. "Not so cocky now huh?" Frod said as he eyed the Spartan. Codfish's pointed visor shot towards him, with what must have been an outraged look behind the cold steel.

Above the now growing amount of explosive needles, Jerry yelled "BAK TO DA CHOPPA!" The group began sprinting towards the warthog, but as Codfish ran to the driver's seat, there was some sort of alien creature with an odd looking hat on its head wearing a breathing unit. It pulled two glowing orbs from its pockets that burst into a large plasma filled explosion. The warthog flipped through the air in a ball of fire, spreading it quickly in the forest.

Without thinking Frod ran as far and fast as he could, through the fire, through the forest taking a barrage of bullets. Stumbling through the forest, his shields were quickly taken down by the large amount of needles and plasma. Codfish tried to follow to protect him, but falling trees set aglow by the fire raging through the forest cut him off quickly. While his shields were down, he took a needle right in his thigh that caused him to trip and tumble down a small hill into a large grouping of shrubbery.

Codfish looked around, surrounded by a group of small, jackal like creatures with shields guarding their entire figure, save their right arm with a weapon in hand. The leader of the group, another six foot tall alien pushed the smaller shielded alien out of the way to get a good look at him. Running through every possibility of what to do, they all resulted in death. Trying to run would only cause him to be pelted immediately with the needles; firing upon one of the enemies would end the same way. The short enemies began to inch back slowly, the larger alien moving even closer.

The alien drew its sword and made his next move obvious. Suddenly a small capsule hit one of the smaller shielded aliens in the chest. A small battalion of the small creatures gathered around their comrade assessing the wound. Its ribcage had been punctured by the capsule before it caused a bright flash of light mixed with sparks, soon

followed by a miniature dark cloud. Codfish had seen it used many times before in simulations, it was the M319 UNSC grenade launcher.

Dazed from the explosion, he felt himself get picked up and carried along into the burning forest. Finally he regained his vision to see himself being carried by a familiar set of exotic armor. "J.. Jerry?" "What it do?" he dropped codfish directly on the stone floor of a cave a bit off in the distance of the burning forest. Codfish began to unholster his DMR leaving the source of the cave. Jerry stopped him "what in ternation do you think yer dern?". Codfish looked at him and then back at the burning forest "Frod is still out there, we need to do something or he won't make it. You know he can't kill one of those things!" Jerry's helmet turned to the side as if he was a confused dog. "And I thought you just didn't give half a puddin' cup bout him!" He made a slight spasm in his movement then spoke in his serious commanding voice he had spoken earlier while they armed themselves. "I'll get him and lead him to this location. you try and contact advisors to report our situa-" and with the slight twitch he went back to the same gibberish before exiting the cave and leaving codfish standing confused.

Frodr ended up finding himself in a small marketplace used by the farmers, usually bustling with crowds in search of reach's plentiful harvests, filled with bright signs with many colors, cages of chickens clucking for freedom, but much like the UNSC depot, it was barren. The city didn't even have electricity flowing through it, powered by the numerous windmills around ONI sword base. Not thinking, frod didn't even realize he was a bit more than a mile away from their destination.

Jerry looked up frodr's waypoint, finding him very close by inside of the farmers market. Jerry entered the market checking his surroundings, practicing extreme caution. Stealthily he passed by a display of fresh corn that had the farmer who had previously been selling it gutted on top of his crops. Behind the four foot tall display, a seven or eight foot tall figure, just like the ones from earlier, was looking around and patrolling the area. Jerry crept up, waited for him to continue his rounds, then jumped on his back, pulled his lower jaw apart, exposing its bright red mouth, then shoved his knife through the roof of its mouth.

It fell over, spilling purple blood across the floor. Jerry touched it with his glove, and then wiped it on his armor as an intimidation technique. Continuing to the waypoint appointed on his visor's screen, He opened the door slowly, the creek echoing the room. It was some sort of diner, with tables all around the main section, and a kitchen in the back. Jerry opened the door to the kitchen and saw frodr in the back eating noodles. He took a few steps closer, thinking frod knew of his presence, but after coming closer, frod dropped the plate, grabbed his assault rifle off the table and pulled the trigger.

Bullet after bullet pelted Jerry, covering his face, his shield went down, but he had grabbed the gun out of frodr's hand before he could cause any damage. "Whet the hell, you doin?" Frodr had a look of surprise as he began to apologize profusely "I'm so sorry, i didn't mean to, i was frightened, and i was surrounded, but i got away, well, i guess i wasn't surrounded, but you know!" Jerry handed him his helmet, but frod dropped it immediately. He had a bright red pool

accumulating where he was laying. Frod began to explain himself immediately- "I didn't know how to use it..." Jerry began to apply it, showing him how to for future reference.

Prepared to fall back to codfish's position, Jerry tried to radio him in, but only received static. Jerry commanded Frod to double-time it to the cave where codfish remained, expecting the worst. Instead, when they arrived, there he was, same as always, but with his hand up to the comm link in his helmet. "Contacting the UNSC?" Codfish did not respond, he only moved further back into the cave. Frodr tried to grab his arm to keep him from walking, but codfish spun around and immediately swung his fist into his face. Frod fell back and Jerry grabbed his arms, restraining him. "have you lost your merblosos?" He let go of codfish and he fell to the floor, now sitting, unable to hold himself. Knowing he was unable to fight back beyond this point, Frodr slowly removed his helmet. Below, was a familiar face, stained with a multitude of tears.

Frodr sat down next to him. "What's wrong cod?" Codfish looked away from frodr's direction and spoke very softly "I can't contact Kenna." his voice cracked halfway through. Kenna has been the only thing pulling codfish through all these years, she had turned him around from alcoholism, prevented him from committing suicide many times over, and was the only reason he had to live. Frodr had a reassuring look on his face and in an attempt to help him, he said "everyone knows Spartans don't die, they just-" Codfish finished the statement for him "They just go missing in action." he had a disgusted look on his face. Jerry looked at him with his disappointment painfully obvious.

It's our job as Spartans to fight and die, you need to worry about your objective, not some girl. Codfish looked over slowly, then leapt up within milliseconds of the words leaving jerry's mouth. Codfish was positioned on top of jerry, swinging punches, head-butting, and fighting any way possible. In the midst of the skirmish, he snapped out of his alternate personality again, leaving him confused. Codfish got off of him after realizing this. "Let's keep going" codfish's words reverberated around the cave, with an odd sense of dread in his dreary tone, as he put his helmet back on.

Frodr seemed hesitant at the idea of leaving in the night, regardless of having built in night vision in his helmet. "Let's stay the night here, and get there in the morning. That way all the other Spartans fight it out, we don't want to mess anything up." Jerry silently accepted the offer by taking a seat by the rest. Codfish made no response. Throughout the night, Jerry carved into his shotgun as always, codfish usually would have either listened to music while painting or maintaining his weapons, but spent the entire night with his left hand pressed against the side of his helmet, no doubtedly trying to contact Kenna, while frodr curled up in the corner to sleep.

Part 3

As the night drew on, Jerry arose slowly from his spot on the grey stony floor. Stretching, he observed the forest that had previously been burning only to find it had been almost completely flattened, obviously by the large alien vehicles moving across the dark landscape. He listened closely and heard the chatter of a high pitched creature outside the entrance only yards away. His mind

raced, memories flashing back, as his mind raced, his heart rate increased to inhuman levels. He wasn't able to move as another of the small aliens came around still communicating with the two trailing behind it.

Frod and Codfish were still sleeping soundly as the grunts spotted Jerry, standing a few feet in front of the other two Spartans, completely motionless. The leader jumped a few inches into the air while squealing loudly. Moments after, one of the taller species with the sabers came around the corner. Seeing the group of misfits exposed and vulnerable he let out a horrible mix between a growl and shriek, waking the two dozing Spartans up. At this point, the alien should have impaled Jerry, then proceeded to behead Codfish before slicing Frodr's chest. Instead, one of the smaller aliens had already primed two glowing orbs and flung his arms in the air shrieking and running in their direction. Thinking quickly, Codfish grabbed Jerry and began to carry him. Halfway through picking him up, Codfish had realized it was a mistake. He did not have the necessary strength to carry the other Spartan.

They both fell to the floor, and in a display of disparity, Cod drew his magnum and began firing, giving Jerry just enough time to become fully conscious and fall back further into the cave system. Frod grabbed Codfish by the arm and picked him to his feet, while he continued to fire at the growing amount of hostiles near the entrance. Emptying a mag, he followed Frodr further into the cave. In unison the Spartans activated the night vision in their visor. Codfish was secretly surprised at Frod's ability to complete this task, hover primary for a Spartan. The group sprinted into the recesses of the cave, it now becoming obvious this was an abandoned mine.

Codfish, being the last to turn the last corner, began to turn his head to see if they were still being followed closely, but tripped on a large rock. Jerry swung his head around to see what had happened only to find a sticky grenade fly inches over where Codfish had just been standing to hit a large stalactite, causing boulders to fall from the ceiling blocking off the entrance, and smashing at least a couple of their pursuers, and cutting off access for the rest. The dark, damp, enclosure provided little to no promise for an exit. Although, an exit was the last thing in mind for Codfish and Frodr, now watching Jerry, as he lost control of his movements, shaking and spasming, then he drew his sidearm, and began firing into the deep recesses and mines. The other two quickly drew a weapon, much like he had, but after scanning the area, they saw nothing. Codfish and Frod lowered their firearms, looking at Jerry, confused as ever.

Codfish approached in search of an answer, asking, "Jerry, the cave is clear, what are you-"but he was cut off by Jerry, speaking again in his clearer, alternate personality, "MARCUS, get a hold of yourself man! We're going to make it out. You're my responsibility." His voice became much more hurt and shaken, now visibly affected; he put his hand on Codfish's shoulder "You're going to see your wife and kids again." Too surprised to comment on his last personality attack, Codfish released himself from Jerry's grasp, not knowing whether or not to speak to him in case he wasn't himself yet, "It's best to wait." He thought to himself as Frodr questioned their motives to escape from the underground mine. "We could search through the cave systems, or blow these boulders apart with grenades." Codfish, examining the large boulders trapping them in responded with, "No.

They're on the other side waiting, we need to keep moving." They both looked in Jerry's direction to see he had moved to a dark opening about six yards away from where they entered.

They followed quietly, not knowing what to say to him. After following him through the dark corridor a ways down, it became noticeable his movements were erratic and finicky. They came across a section where the wall to the left was replaced by a long fall into a deep ravine with rushing water at the bottom. Continuing, the path became narrower, to the point where the three Spartans were against the wall, sidestepping in order to stay on. After thirty or so minutes of walking and listening to Jerry talk to himself about losing his soldiers, breaking his promises, and his willingness to give up his life for all of them, the group hit a dead end.

Their path was crumbled and had most likely dissipated years ago. The only thing remaining was a sharp drop into a large river of rushing water. Jerry looked down and said in his still serious alternate personality "Configure your shields to full compatibility and jump into the center of the river, go with the water and we'll meet at the first available piece of land we can get up at." Without warning, he immediately dropped himself below and began to ride the current downstream. Codfish prepared to make his jump, but was stopped by Frodr asking how to configure his shielding unit. Codfish guided him through the process, trying not to let Jerry get too far downstream without them following. Finally, Frodr was ready, but reluctant to jump. "I'm not jumping down there, that drop is at least 50 feet, maybe a hundred!" he stammered. Codfish took a breath in, then in a calm voice began to tell him "Don't worry, Jerry was fine, we will be too. Now just do me a favor, and just-"but before he completed his makeshift pep talk, he shoved Frod off the edge into the water, with him landing dead center.

Codfish took his turn and plunged into the water, staying under only a couple of seconds before paddling his way to the top. He saw Frod not too far in front of him. The current pulled them quickly, not leaving much time to scope out a strip on land. Soon, Codfish saw it and grabbed onto it, unable to pull himself fully onto it, but Jerry rushed over. Codfish held a hand out one of the two Spartans would help, but Jerry looked over Codfish to see Frodr pulled away by the current. Jerry quickly helped Codfish propel himself onto the stony floor of the cave. It was at this time he had realized why Jerry had not helped him immediately, Frodr had forgotten to get onto the land, or had not seen it in the sporadic action of trying to stay afloat. Either way, they were separated and this was a problem.

As this happened, a group of aliens were perched at the section above where they had jumped from. They began to fire off at the two Spartans below. The sounds of their alien weaponry were intensely magnified by the echo of the cave. Jerry retreated into another nearby cave, Codfish following quickly. They were safe from the enemies here, so Codfish sat down in order to recover. Jerry paced back and forth sporadically, holding his head. He was talking to himself rather quickly. So quickly in fact, Codfish could not make out what he was saying. Codfish stood up and walked closer asking "Hey, Jerry, you alright man? It's ok, we're going to make it out of here, an exit can't be much further" Jerry froze the moment he began talking. Jerry lowered his hands but began yelling "I need help, we need to fix me, I can't stop thinking about it, we need her."

Codfish was stunned by this statement, "Her? The Catherine Halsey?" It all made sense in his head, she was the only suitable doctor to help a Spartan, after all, she designed every one by hand. And this way, she may know something about Kenna's whereabouts. "Ok" he said, "We'll find her when we get to ONI. But we need to find Frodr before anything else. Ready?" The two Spartans continued through the cave, coming across a sudden change from stone and minerals, to steel. Entering a larger room, it became apparent they had come across a UNSC garage that was attached to the mines. From here, they could easily transport themselves to ONI within half an hour at a warthog's top speed. But Frodr was still missing.

Frodr was thinking as he floated with the current of the water, thinking about life, aliens, their odd new mission, he hadn't even noticed he had drifted past Jerry until it was too late. He looked back desperately, trying to fight against the raging current, thrashing him around. Quickly out of energy, he was forced to change to his helmet's oxygen respirator and flow with the current. Gaining enough strength to pull his head above the water, he quickly noticed two things. There was a strip of land to the left low enough for him to lift himself onto, but there was a seven foot tall armored alien looking in the opposite direction, and he was very quickly headed for a waterfall that would surely be even more deadly.

Taking the first option, he grabbed onto the dirt to lift himself up, somehow not alerting the alien, a couple feet in from of him. He stood up, slightly crouched, trying to avoid detection. He remained there a few moments awkwardly, not knowing exactly how to proceed. Finally he raised his assault rifle and moved forward until he was only foot behind the creature. He looked at the ammo counter, displaying an uneasy 17. Frod looked at it harshly a few seconds, as if it would somehow load itself. With nothing else to do, he pulled the trigger, causing the gun to spay a few bullets into the alien's shielding, but the kick of the weapon raised the rest of the projectiles to the roof of the cave system above it.

It spun around quickly while Frodr flung himself to the ground at its right, in order to get around the creature. He crawled forward a few meters before positioning himself upright and running. He ran around corners and through crevices, trying to get away from the creature. He rounded a last corner to a dead end that went back about ten feet. He waited there, aiming his weapon, waiting. Moments later, frod noticed the large flashing zero glaring from the display of the ammo counter. He felt around his armor frantically, trying to find his ammunition. He caught sight of a mag at his hip, and quickly grabbed it. It wasn't until he heard the alien coming closer, or until he had it near the gun that he had realized this magazine was for a magnum.

Frodr's hand shot down to his sidearm holster to feel it empty. Codfish had kept the magnum Frodr had attempted at cocking back at the depot, and frod had not thought of grabbing another. His mind racing, he looked around the corner. The alien did not know his exact location, but he was approaching. If he was lucky, he would have thirty seconds. He finally located an AR mag and threw the full magnum magazine to the stone floor, causing the rounds to fly in all directions, resulting in a loud symphony of noise, successfully giving away his location. His thirty seconds had just turned to ten at most.

Looking back around the corner, the alien made eye contact with him and began sprinting. Nine seconds- he tried ramming the mag into the gun to no avail. Eight seconds, he tried to fit it in, but it would not fit properly, what was wrong? Seven seconds- he remembered the ejection port cover; used once a mag was inserted to chamber a bullet. Six seconds- He attempted to push it forwards, also to no avail. Five seconds- Looking at the mag, he realized it was upside down and tried to flip it around, only causing the bullets to escape, decorating the floor along with the magnum rounds. Four seconds- he grabbed another mag, and with it right side up, pressed it firmly into its position. Three seconds- "What is next?" his mind raced, "Do I press a button orâ€¦" Two seconds- He pressed forward on the ejection port cover again in disparity, and with his first stroke of luck, it worked. One second- The display flashed, showing a fresh thirty two rounds, Frodr not remembering exactly how he did it in the heat of the moment.

The alien rounded the corner, sword in hand, glowing against his golden armor, casting an intimidating shadow across its face. Frodr began putting bullet after bullet into the alien, while the alien slashed his heated plasma sword against his shields. Frodr fell backwards, his shields absorbed all the damage, but leaving him vulnerable. The floor began to crumble below him, allowing him to drop a few yards to metal flooring below where he was laying. The alien jumped down, saber in hand, shields down, prepared to end him. Looking around, Frodr was doomed. His AR was yards away lying on the cold metal floor.

The alien raised its sword, a victorious battle cry escaping his set of two jaws. It put a heavy armored foot on Frods chest. As he began to lower the sword closer and closer to Frod, suddenly a loud crack rang out, and it fell to the floor next to him. A pool of purple blood grew around the now dead alien. Frodr looked at his surroundings to see he was in some sort of garage full of UNSC vehicles. But more importantly, he saw Codfish looking down the scope of a DMR that had a minute cloud of smoke raise from the end of the barrel.

Codfish walked over to the AR quietly and kicked it to the Spartan lying on the ground. Jerry approached and helped him to his feet. Codfish looked over at Jerry. "That solves that problem, ready to go kids?" "Affirmative", Frodr replied hesitantly, "And thank you." The group looked around the garage for something fast, sleek, and threatening. Codfish and Frodr observed quietly until they heard Jerry from the other end- "O er here y'all!" The two approached a very large object under a bright green tarp with warnings and a very visible UNSC logo. Frodr stepped forward to unveil the vehicle from the tarp. The two Spartans were amazed at seeing this vehicle in real life.

In front of the Spartans in all its violent glory was a thirty foot long M808 main battle tank. One of the USNC's own destructive and resilient scorpions.

Part 4

The metal sheeting of the large rectangular door began to ascend slowly, exposing the inside of the UNSC garage. It rose about a foot and a half and came to a halt, becoming motionless. The silence was

interrupted by a cataclysmically loud bang, resulting in the garage door blown into oblivion. An armor clad tank rolled through the once standing remains of the door, crushing any of the last bits of the mangled and destroyed material with its treads leaving a fresh, prominent trail.

Inside the metal monster, controlling its every movement was Jerry, trained in the mastery of the heavy artillery many years ago, long before he lost his mind. Atop the vehicle, Hassan manned a turret, mounted towards the front of the vehicle, while Codfish took a mongoose to scout ahead for the group, both as a precaution, and because no room remained on the rumbling death machine. Codfish drove ahead a few yards, directing Jerry on routes that the tank could maneuver through properly. "Yeah, uhhâ€| ahead on your left you can fit through, but just barely." Jerry responded with his usual- "Aight, we goo'd"

Codfish revved the motor, thrusting the vehicle forward, spraying mud and dirt behind him, leaving bits clinging to his boots and shin piece. He drove forward, over the top of a small hill obscuring the view of the scorpion. Codfish stopped on top of the hill, silencing the motor, looking into the horizon. A ways off in the distance was the flattened burned out forest they had escaped from earlier. It now contained legions of resting troops, at least a hundred in small battalions, surrounding a single large purple vehicle, very similar to a tank. Codfish raised his hand to his radio "Heavy vehicle up ahead, quite a bit of enemies, I'll run recon and decide whether or not we can take 'em" He started the mongoose back up, and sent mud flying behind him.

He drew his sidearm with one hand while using the other to speed toward the camps of troops. Dodging them by inches, he swerved around the troops, continuing north towards ONI. Once he passed through the proximity of the mass of troops, he turned the mongoose around and floored it, beginning to run a loop around the large area. Many of them began to wake, drawing a large amount of fire towards Codfish. He aimed his magnum using the iron sights, which were rarely used in comparison to the visors integrated aiming system that was far superior. Codfish always favored the sights in comparison; he was always interested in the antiquity of it.

Firing all eight rounds, eight enemies dropped. He dropped the empty mag, burying it in the mud. He fired off a couple more rounds as Frodr radioed in "Recon my ass, what the hell are you wasting your ammo on?" Codfish laughed while looking into the mass of enemies seeing a large green plasma bolt flying towards him. Thinking fast, he swung the mongoose around, exposing the front bumper instead of his body. It struck the goose, powering it down with an EMP blast. Looking down, Codfish tried to pull the handle to make the vehicle accelerate; nothing happened. He looked down desperately trying anything to get it to move, as plasma bolt after needle flew around him.

Yelling at the top of his lungs to the other two, he called in for backup "Shit, I'm shut down, I need help over here!" He heard nothing for a few seconds, and took the time to duck behind the stopped vehicle. Seeing the enemies draw nearer on his radar, he was relieved to hear Frodr on the radio. His relief died quickly when he heard the tone of Frodr's voice. He spoke quickly, sounding dire as he said "Turn your armor up, NOW" yelling every word. Codfish looked over the

mongoose to see the tank off in the distance, but something caught his attention. For a split second, it seemed as if a small object was flying towards them. He realized a tank had fired a shell as it stuck the ground, sending aliens, Codfish, the mongoose, and bits of mud in all directions.

Jerry drove forward firing shell after shell, praying he wouldn't hit Codfish. The aliens flew in all directions, covering the mud with blue streaks of blood. Legions of the troops ran at the vehicle, but met their demise either to the barrage of highly explosive shells, or Frodr's endless railgun fire. Moving through the enemies Frodr searched over the mud covered bodies for Codfish's body, either alive or dead. He screamed Codfish's name into the radio over and over trying to find him.

Codfish was only meters away from the explosion, causing him to be thrown back many feet, shields down, lucky to be alive. He felt as if he just woke up from a long slumber, trying to see past his mud covered visor. Trying to raise his arms to wipe it off, his arms were under something heavy. He pushed all of it off and wiped some of the mud off of the visor, it remaining in the corners and sides. Looking to his side to see what exactly he had pushed off of himself, he saw a mass of alien bodies and body parts.

Laying still, trying to cope with the ringing in his ears, he laid still caked under the mud, surprisingly relaxed. The ringing faded away slowly, leaving only the sound of a tank not too far away, railgun spraying an endless amount of bullets. He closed his eyes and relaxed a moment before he would be forced to get up. His tranquility was extinguished as a loud yell, possibly even louder than the tank shell itself yelled into his helmet "CODFISH, CODFISH" He cringed, thoroughly surprised by the volume of the shouts. "Yeah, yeah, I'm up. You can calm down now." Frodr responded unreasonably quickly saying "Shit, don't pull anything like that again dumbass you're lucky you made it out of there." Codfish considered himself luckier that he couldn't hear Frodr well over the sound of the sea of bullets.

Jerry continued ahead, blasting alien after alien, mowing them down efficiently. Eventually, all that stood standing was the tank. One of the taller aliens made a run for it, dodging bullet after bullet from Frodr, finally jumping into the main cockpit. The vehicle roared to life, a cannon rising from the top, but it lifted off the ground slightly, but only for a moment before it fell back down, unable to move. The reason why the tank was left behind is because it was broken! It fired a large plasma fireball, barely missing the scorpion.

To Frodr's disbelief, Jerry proceeded to jump out of the scorpion, now parked by a very large rock, and run towards the tank. The tank fired its heated plasma mortar, but given it could only fire at an arc, it was unable to hit Jerry as he zigzagged forward. He reached the cockpit, and clung on, punching the covering repeatedly, finally ripping it off. The alien looked up horrified and astonished, as Jerry firmly used the covering he ripped off to behead it. Jerry jumped down from the tank, drawing his weapon as he walked forward.

Codfish finally made it to the tank, covered in mud, barely recognizable, save for the contour of his pointed helmet. Jerry

looked at the two, saying "Now, ya'lls, imma go takes me a looksee over that there mountain, you'ze just set your poo-kittens here" "Alright" Frodr said as he exited the machine gun seat, and sat himself on a tread, using the rock behind him as a backrest. Codfish made his way over, hopping on top of the tank and sitting next to Frodr. Frodr watched him trying to remove some of the excess mud. Codfish finally looked over, "So do you even want to be a Spartan? At first I thought you just weren't trying, but with our lives at stake, I was surprised not much changed." Frodr was silent a few moments, then responded by saying "You really want to know? Well when I was a little kid, I lived on a small colony on reach. My parents were farmers. Just simple farmers, they didn't want to cause any trouble for anyone, but the rebels, they didn't see it that way. One day they came through, quite a few of them really, they grabbed us up and asked the UNSC for a ransom. They obviously wouldn't pay to save two farmers and a kid, but they did send a squad of Spartans. They came in time to save me, after my parents were used as target practice, you know, old fashioned firing squad and all. The UNSC didn't know what to do with a little kid without anyone to take care of him, so I was sent to Halsey, and before I knew what was happening, here I am."

Codfish didn't say anything; there wasn't much to say he thought. Frodr continued, probably to not make things so awkward, "Now, I'm just trying to fulfill my responsibility of being like those Spartans that saved me." That made Codfish think of Hassan in command of a squad of Spartans, standing in front of them. Just the thought nearly made him laugh, but he quieted himself, so Frodr wouldn't hear. They sat in silence until Jerry returned. He came over holding three objects.

"Presants fer every buscus!" Jerry threw one to codfish, who caught it, and threw another to Frodr, who promptly dropped it. Codfish fumbled around with his, pressing a button which activated an active cloak, causing him to be invisible. Frodr took after Codfish, stood up and activated his, immediately thrusting him into the rock, face first. He raised himself to his feet, "Thanks Jerry" Hearing something above them, Frodr looked up to see a purple object, just large enough for one of the aliens to man, flying towards them spraying plasma bolts in all directions.

Codfish and Frodr immediately unloaded their weapon into the vehicle, taking cover inside of an abandoned flooded building nearby. Jerry looked around hesitantly as the two fled, not searching for somewhere to go, but searching for a creature. He had felt as if he was followed back, and listening, he could confirm it. He heard the alien walk through the mud, he quickly looked for footprints. He saw nothing. He spun around, drawing the same sword the aliens were in possession of. His pursuer became uncloaked, challenging him, drawing his sword in return.

The two ran at each other, clashing their swords together, The alien pulled back, swiping low, but was met by Jerry returning the blow. The alien took swipe after swipe, deflected by Jerry every time. Jerry stuck back, met by the alien's strike. The alien took one strong wipe at Jerry's head, which he ducked. The alien used this time to grab him by the throat in a powerful grasp. Jerry dropped the sword, holding the hand of the creature strangling him. It took this time to draw its sword, and prepare to swipe Jerry. As he swung towards Jerry, he kicked the arm of the giant, sending the sword into

its gut. It dropped Jerry immediately, holding itself and looking at its killer, falling to the mud face down.

Meanwhile, round after round into the vehicle had finally caused for it to spin out of control and hit the ground in a burst of fire and plasma. Jerry met up with the rest of Negro, preparing to make their way towards ONI. Continuing onwards, the group entered a field after a mile or so. In the field laid a huge mass of blood and bodies. The bodies were not only that of aliens, but Spartans. Body after body remained motionless under the setting sun, blood splattered and stained onto the ground below them.

Part 5

They looked out into the shallow sea of bodies strewn across the horizon. Codfish was the first to react, dropping his weapon, and running over to each body, one by one, looking for Kenna's armor set, and exact replica of his own. (Considering he was lean enough to have to wear the female model.) Frodr Gazed into the mass of deceased super soldiers. The realization of it all soon hit him, Spartan after Spartan had been called here to die, just like they should have, these aliens were more than a petty threat, it was a full blown invasion.

Codfish continually scoured the remains of the Spartans, moving from one to another, desperately looking for Kenna, but at the same time hoping he wouldn't find her. Frodr moved forward, towards Codfish, drawing his attention. Codfish looked up from his crouched position to see Frodr. In an attempt to convince him to continue onward, Frodr put an arm on Codfish's shoulder and spoke to him, "We need to keep going, it would take days to see each of these bodies, and even if she was here, would you want to see her that way?" Codfish silently agreed, accepting to move forward only because in his mind, there was no way she could be dead. "Halsey must know something, it's pointless to stay here" he thought to himself, "As soon as I find her, I'm leaving these two and getting off this planet."

Jerry walked onward as the other two talked, his only determination being the mission, not their petty emotions. Frodr jogged to Jerry, leaving Codfish a few meters behind. Frodr caught up, questioning Jerry on his abandonment of Codfish's emotion "Hey, he's hurt, shouldn't we comfort him at least a little?" Jerry snapped his head towards Frodr, taking a much more hostile pose, speaking in his alternate personality, in an angry tone "We can't waste time on this! There's a full scale invasion, and the entire human race is at risk of being wiped clean, but we're hung up on one Spartan? This is ridiculous. It's time to do our job." His anger surprised Frodr, who stopped walking a few moments to try and comprehend what had just happened. Frodr stole a glance at codfish, still a bit behind, hoping he had not heard the conversation that had just transpired ahead. Codfish had heard though, and was thinking of some way of escaping the other two once he found Kenna.

Walking into the setting sun, the misfit group continued onward. Eventually reaching the outer courtyard, it became very apparent that it had been a prime target for the alien onslaught. The loading ramp that had once held numerous UNSC vehicles was near empty, with only bodies and bit of shattered vehicle parts (many ablaze) remained. The entire area was covered in plasma burns and bullet holes, leaving a destructive scene. Battle rifle in hand, Jerry looked over the

loading dock to see a very large heavily armored alien, even taller than any of the others they encountered, walking around, scouring the area for any survivors. The alien was 12 feet high covered in plates of green, purple armor, one arm shaped as if it was a shield, the other obviously a highly destructive weapon.

Jerry flinched, drawing Frodr's attention, the whispered "Heehaw Johnny!" Before rolling out from behind cover into plain view of the monster, now charging the weapon attached to its arm. Jerry jumped to the side in order to avoid the huge green blast rocketing out of its arm, leaving a smoldering dent in the metal of the side of the building. Frodr ran out, spraying bullets directly into its shield. One by one, each bounced off, a couple ricocheting off, nearly hitting the two Spartans. "Boy, whatcha think yer doin?" Jerry spoke to Frodr while dodging the monster's heated plasma, "Ya need tah hit the orange part inside of the armor"

Taking a second look at it, he noticed it had tiny slivers of orange mass exposed under the large plates surrounding it. Codfish looked down the scope of his DMR not firing, but examining the creature, noticing the backside was less armored, allowing a precise spread of bullets to cause some major damage. He prepared to take a shot at the orange backside, but lowered his weapon. In his head he was contemplating whether or not to help as they fought it. "I don't need them do I? I'll have to get away from them eventually and I know I can't outrun bothâ€¦ But then again, what if there's too many of them inside for me to fight off, I might need these two for nowâ€¦"

Jerry rolled out of the way, towards the beast in order to escape its range. Feet away, he was too close for the beast to fire without hurting them both. It quickly lowered the weapon to use the shield and a large hammer, leaving an indentation in the metal flooring larger than the blast from earlier. It sent Jerry a few feet back, surprising him. He looked over to Frodr, commanding him to use a grenade, "Roll one under him to hit the back!" Frodr used the rest of his assault rifle magazine, and held a grenade in his hand. Frodr thought back to basic training, the grenade seminar. He remembered every Spartan lining up, it was a hot day, and he wanted to go back inside. He remembered that grenades roll, so he should consider that while throwing it, but what the last part?

A huge green bolt of plasma flew inches from his body, so in a hurry, he chucked it below the alien, it rolling perfectly under. It came to a stop after rolling for a time, sitting motionless. Jerry was being attacked by the creature, and yelled out "Frodr! Did you pull the pin?!" Frodr remembered the step he had forgotten; he had to pull the pin in order to prime the grenade! He took his last one in hand, and pulled the pin. The grenade rolled by the alien, causing a loud sound to reverberate off of the metal flooring. The small cylinder exploded into a ball of shrapnel and smoke, the soft back of the monster bleeding and hurt.

Frodr's chance to celebrate was cut short by the alien turning around and charging his gun in Frodr's direction, it's obvious intent being to end him. Frodr lowered his weapon running in the other direction instead of attempting to fight it off. Jerry took this opportunity to use his battle rifle to bury bullets into the soft back three rounds at a time. After two bursts, the alien stretched out and fell straight forward. As the giant fell, it caught Frodr sending him down with it. Releasing himself from the frame of the figure, he caught

sight of Codfish continuing behind Jerry.

"Where were you when we were fighting this thing?" Codfish rolled his eyes behind the dark visor on his helmet. "I wasâ€¦ preoccupied. And obviously you had It.", he said pointing at the orange blood streaking across the floor. Jerry approached an elevator, pressing the button, sending it downward toward them. From outside they heard the hum of large vehicle. Out the window Codfish saw aliens jumping out from an airborne vehicle. Taking a closer look, there were three of the silly smaller ones and a larger one they hadn't seen yet.

It was brown, about eight feet tall, and wore pointier yellowish faded armor. What really caught the attention of the three was the large item it was carrying. It had a hammer looking object that had a flat end on one side and a sharper blade on the other. It gained sight of the three and began sprinting rather quickly at the three Spartans, Codfish and Jerry opening fire, picked off the smaller ones before firing at the large creature. Frodr dropped an empty mag, and fumbled with a new one not knowing what to do with it. Gaining ground, it slammed the hammer down, erupting in an enormously loud blast.

Codfish flew a few feet into the wall, and fell to the floor as Jerry hit the wall rather hard. Frodr stumbled backwards, dropping his empty weapon. The creature was bleeding, but lifted the hammer in an attempt to smash Frodr. Looking around desperately, He saw Codfish's magnum out of the corner of his eye lying on the floor. Frodr grabbed it, lining up the shot at the monster above him. Taking three shots, he missed it completely. The casings fell to the floor as Jerry took the gun from his hand and killed it with one bullet. Jerry helped Frodr up, and then proceeded to hold an arm out to help Codfish up. Instead of grabbing his hand to help himself up, he grabbed the magnum, holstered it, helping himself up.

The elevator door slid open as the three entered. Each had something on their mind. The thought of Kenna completely consumed Codfish, while Frodr just wanted to know what he wanted. But Jerry, he was upset in one personality, wanting Codfish to help the squad, and in the other, he didn't know quite what was going on. The elevator came to a stop and the squad walked out onto the room they entered, which had been thoroughly destroyed. Opening the nearest door, they saw many aliens fighting something in the corner.

Immediately, Jerry ran out, shoving his knife deep into one's skull, using its own sword to kill another. Codfish used his rifle to kill the smaller ones quickly and efficiently, leaving Frodr to investigate what the threat was. Backed into the corner was a group of marines, obviously relieved to see the Spartans. One of the marines walked forward, saluting "Thank god you made it; we need to get to the top floor." Jerry acknowledged with a nod, looking above to the walkway. Codfish began to question why every available troop was called to ONI, but as he opened his mouth, a needle went right through the troop's skull, his eyes rolling into the back of his head. Codfish spun around quickly putting a bullet through the attacker's skull. "Move! Now!" The group ran into the labs in order to both progress higher into the building and to escape fire. Moving ahead with the group, they ran walkway through walkway, finally reaching the top, to another elevator.

Frodr pushed the button, calling it to their location. With aliens

hot on their pursuit, they didn't have much time before they would end up like the marine from earlier. Codfish began to think, why was there an elevator on the top floor? Why had they been called here? What use could it be? While contemplating these questions, another of the huge heavily armored aliens rounded the corner, charging its cannon.

The marines discharged bullet after bullet into the heavy shielding to no avail, leaving no signs of damage. Firing the green cannon, a marine was blown apart right in front of their eyes, right before crushing another with its shield like arm. Two marines remained, Jerry and codfish relentlessly fighting the monster. A final decisive DMR bulled ended the fight, until another just like the one before entered the room. The tiny room could barely hold twenty people, yet the giant monster was inside pushing the group further back. The elevator door opened with a ding as the three Spartans and two marines rushed inside. The large bulky alien was too slow and large to reach the elevator in time, allowing for the group to escape.

It descended for a good ways, much longer than the group expected it to, until the glass cover revealed an immense underground area, covered in snow and ice. Their location was a large metallic building on the other side, and luckily it seemed as if no enemies had arrived yet. With the elevator now coming to a stop, the makeshift group sprinted over to the building and entered. Inside it looked much bigger than it was from the outside, computers and equipment displayed all over, it was any scientist's fantasy. Past it all in the back, was a woman on a huge computer that was separated from the rest. The doors slid close behind them all, as they neared the woman.

Catherine Halsey looked up to see the Spartans and oddly surprised tone in her voice as she spoke to them, "Well of all the people I would expect to see here, the first to make it was you? Never mind it; I suppose you'll do for protection. Just give me a few minutes and we'll go." Frodr spoke up, asking for her assistance, "Actually we need something from youâ€¦| Jerry here, he has a problem, he's changing personalities, he isn't-"She interrupted him mid-sentence, "Ah, Commander Jerry, Spartan 272. It's a mystery of how he's still alive, I wanted to put research into it before I had to work on my project; but I can't do anything until we get out of here. That's why you're here by the way, we're evacuating. All of us."

Codfish stepped forward now asking for her assistance, "I need to find a Spartan, I'm looking for Kenna, do you at least know if she's alright?" For the first time, Halsey looked up from the computer. "Do you really think I'm keeping track of every Spartan? I can almost guarantee that anyone who isn't in this room is dead." As she finished the statement, they heard over the radio that another squad was on their way down the elevator. Codfish looked back at her. Halsey continued speaking, "at least, it's highly improbable. Why would it matter? We could just make another." Codfish became incredibly hostile, now yelling at her, "What do you mean make another?" She looked at him, slightly confused, "Have you not been told?" Codfish became even more confused, "You were an experiment, and we gave you extra hormones to make you an even better Spartan. When you began to not listen, we stopped the treatment. Although we did make a "copy" and that was Kenna. We hoped that a female version wouldn't have the same outlook because of the decreased amount of testosterone." Codfish was left speechless.

Outside the lab, the group heard the other squad of Spartans fighting off the aliens outside. Halsey removed a chip from the computer and began grabbing objects frantically, "It's almost time to go, you all go down that hall and ready up a pelican." They all moved down the hall to see a large air vehicle. The two pilots in the cockpit worked diligently to prepare the falcon. Prepared to fly, the group took their seat. The pilots flew the pelican outside the laboratory, where Halsey parted with the other squad, finally making her way to the pelican followed by a green Spartan carrying a sniper rifle.

Halsey took a seat by the others, looking awfully puny in comparison to the two thousand pound death machines around her. The irony of the situation struck Codfish as they lifted off. While they were gargantuan death machines, she had created them all. The pelican flew through the air, dodging the heavy artillery aimed at them. Codfish was about to question the doctor about the new Spartan in the vehicle, as Frodr spoke up, "Are you sure we'll make it?" Codfish ignored him to satisfy his previous intention. "So what squad are you fr-"Frodr cut him off, speaking in an increasingly worried tone, "I'm really not sure about this!" Codfish ignored him again. The green Spartan spoke in an odd accent which Codfish had never heard before, "I'm with Noble. I'm Jun, the-"Frodr stopped him mid-sentence saying, "I really-" Before he finished, a powerful gauss laser had struck the pelican right through the center, causing it to immediately explode into a fiery ball heading back towards the ground.

End
file.